

# CHANDAMAMA

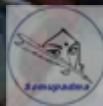
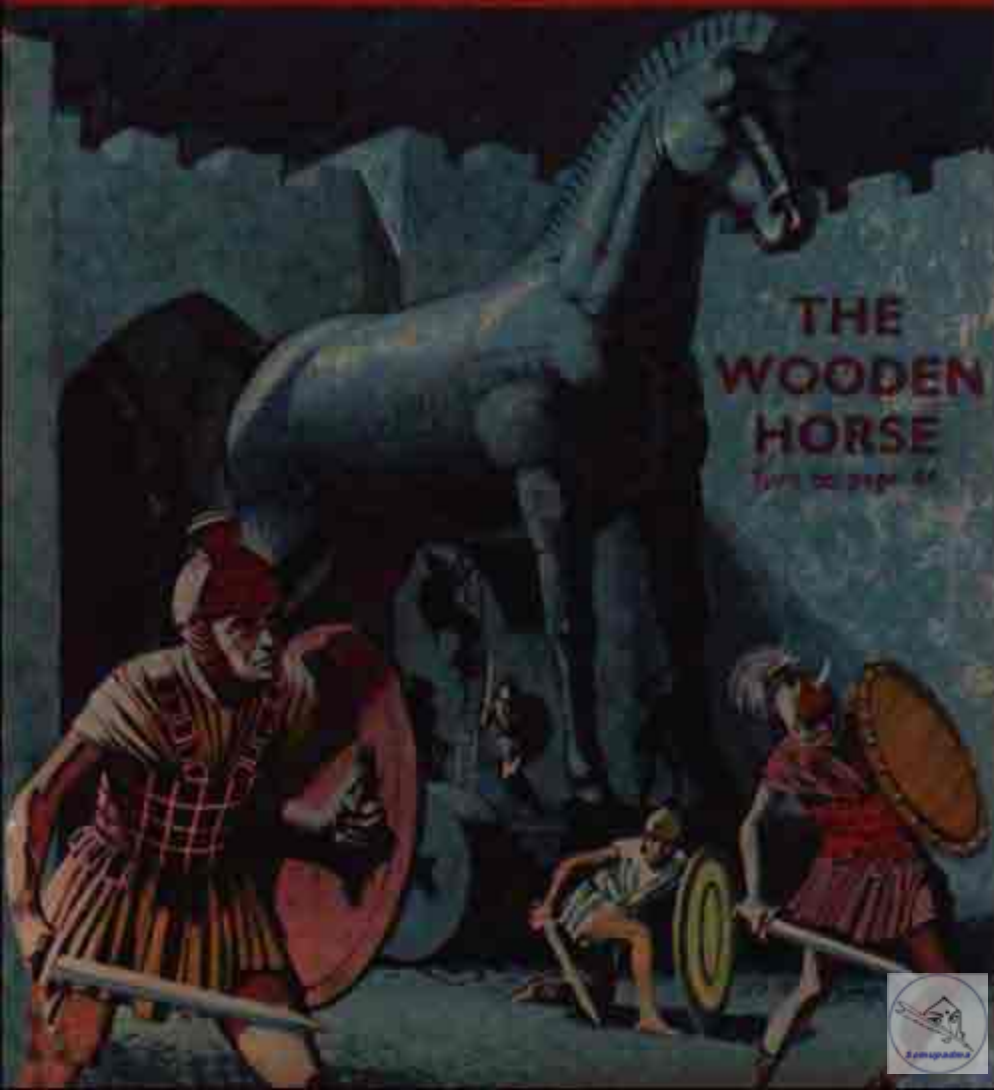
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## THE WOODEN HORSE

By B. S. P. S.





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# CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 2 No. 7 January 1972

We feel that we have started the New Year with a good issue. It is full of entertaining stories such as:

**THIRD TIME LUCKY** Page 51

*This story illustrates that old axiom, If at first you don't succeed, try, try again*

**THE HUNDRED CHERRIES** Page 27

*If you ever meet a dragon, this story will tell you what you should do.*

**ROBIN HOOD** Page 19

*An ever popular story because every country has its legendary Robin Hood*

**THE PRINCESS AND THE BEGGAR**

*She was a bit of a shrew, but she learnt a lesson*

**THE WOODEN HORSE** Page 44

*Here is the story of a very clever piece of trickery that won a war*

**FEATURE COMPETITION** Page 50

*Everyone should enter this contest, as the Editor is anxious to know what stories you like best, so that he can give you more of them.*





# The Princess and the Beggar

The King of Kalinga had one daughter, named Sunanda, of whom he was immensely proud, but oh dear! was she exasperating. The Princess was a devastating beauty, and she was certainly very learned, but when it came to the question of marriage, she was impossible.

The King was naturally very anxious that his daughter should marry a prince of noble standing, and there was no lack of suitors, but the Princess spurned them all. The King in despair, sent envoys far and wide, who returned with portraits of great princes. When the Princess was shown the portraits, she criticized this and

she criticized that. In the end the King threw up his hands in disgust and wondered why he had been cursed with such an arrogant daughter.

As a last resort, the King decided to hold a reception, to which he invited the greatest princes of the land. Each one outstanding in looks, and blessed with great wealth. The Princess was charming to them all, and it certainly seemed that she favoured the tall, handsome Prince Rajendra of the vast Khandesh kingdom.

After the reception, when all the princes had departed, the Princess told the King with an air of disdain, that she did not





care a fig for any of them.

At this the King lost his temper. "I have had enough of this nonsense," he shouted. "I will marry you to the first beggar that comes to the palace." "The Princess just laughed at such an absurdity.

The following day a disreputable beggar came to the palace gates begging for alms. His dirty clothing and unkempt beard were all very repulsive, but in accordance with the King's orders, he was immediately escorted to the audience chamber.

As soon as the King caught sight of the beggar, he shouted. "Come here, you vagabond. You will marry my daughter, and I hope you will make her a worthy husband."

The Princess looked aghast at such a thought. "I will not marry that awful creature," she snorted.

But the King was adamant, and so the proud Princess Sunanda was married to the beggar, who appeared to be highly amused at the look of utter disgust the princess gave him.

Immediately the marriage ceremony was over, the beggar caught the Princess by the hand, and almost dragged her out of



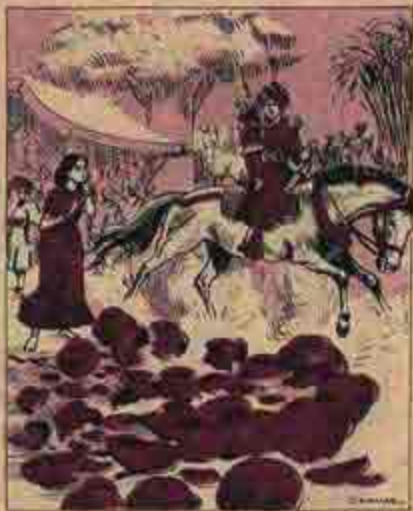
The beggar told the princess to go the bazar and sell pots

the palace. "Come along," he chided her, "we have a long way to go."

To the Princess the journey seemed endless. They walked through forests and over rough country. Her poor feet, not used to walking, ached terribly, and she felt on the point of collapse, when the beggar, with a disarming smile said. "Cheer up, we are nearly home."

"But where are we?" she managed to say.

"These lands belong to Prince Rajendra," he said. "But I have a small hut in yonder



The horseman scattered the pots in all directions

valley, where we shall be quite comfortable."

The hut turned out to be a broken-down affair, comprising of one small room, which was shared with countless spiders and other crawling insects.

As the Princess stood there trying to keep back tears of dismay, her beggar husband told her to go and collect wood and cook whatever food she could find in the hut.

"But I do not know how to cook," she wailed.

"Then it is time you learnt," he replied, stretching himself on the ground and promptly

going to sleep.

The meal she cooked turned out to be a sorry mess, but after several days, it all became a little easier, and sometimes she was quite delighted at the dishes she managed to prepare and escape burning.

At night she would lie and despair at the cruelty of her fate. Yet somehow she had to admit her husband did have a kindly smile, and there were times when she did enjoy his company.

The beggar tried to teach her how to weave baskets from split bamboos, but her fingers became horribly blistered and her efforts at weaving only brought chuckles from her husband.

Then he showed her how to sew, and that was just as unsuccessful as the weaving. Her husband shook his head in apparent disgust. "You are no good at anything," he said. "But there are some pots at the back of the hut. Take them to the bazar in the city, and see that you get a good price for them."

Somehow the Princess managed to tie the pots together and find her way to the bazar. No sooner had she arranged the pots on the ground, when





man on horseback came galloping through the bazar, breaking and scattering her pots in all directions.

When she arrived back at the hut and told her beggar husband the sad tale, he merely smiled. "Maybe I had better get you a job in the palace," he said, giving his wife a shrewd look. "I know Prince Rajendra's head cook and he will find work for you in the kitchens."

Taking no notice of her protests, the beggar took the Princess to the palace kitchens and she soon found herself busy scrubbing greasy pots at a huge sink.

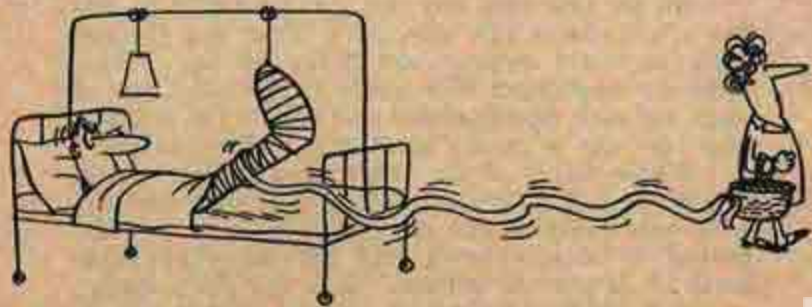
As she stood toiling away, she could not help thinking that not long ago she had the opportunity of marrying Prince Rajendra. If only her husband

was not so poor, she was sure she could be quite happy.

Suddenly, she realised someone was standing close behind her. Turning round, she was startled to see the smiling face of Prince Rajendra. Before she could utter a word in her confusion, the Prince took her by the hand.

"Let us stop this comedy," he confided. "I am your beggar husband, and I am the wicked man who broke your pots in the bazar. It was all a plot hatched by your father to teach you a lesson. Now say you do forgive me."

"I am afraid I have been such an arrogant fool," whispered the Princess. "But somehow I have come to love my beggar husband."





## Philosophy

In the province of Wanchu, in old China, lived a man who was a great philosopher. He owned a horse, and one morning found the stable door open and the horse had gone.

The neighbours came to console the man on his loss, but he merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "My loss may be for the best."

As if to prove the man correct, the horse returned several days later, accompanied by another horse. When the good news spread round the village, everyone wanted to congratulate the man on his good fortune. But the man just shook his head. "Who knows?" he said, "My gain may turn out to be my loss."

On the following day, his son attempted to ride the new horse, which shied at a fence and the son came an awful cropper and broke his leg. Along came the neighbours with words of sympathy, but as usual the man merely smiled and said, "The accident may turn out to be my son's gain. Who can tell?"

Within days, all the able-bodied young men in the village had to go and fight a band of marauders who were pillaging the country side. The invaders proved to be too strong, and not one young man lived to return the village. Only the philosopher's son, limping on his crutch, could understand the depth of his father's philosophy.





Rajaram and Kapoor agree  
on a wager

# THE TRUTHFUL SERVANT



Close to the river Godavari, lived two prosperous land owners, Rajaram and Kapoor. They enjoyed each others company, and as their lands were fairly vast, and their crops abundant, they could well afford the time to sit and gossip.

One afternoon, Kapoor strolled across to visit Rajaram, and as the two men lounged on the verandah sipping tea and discussing crop prices, Rajaram's herd of cattle came through the yard, tended by his herdsman, Ranga.

Rajaram called out to his herdsman. "Where is my white ram, Ranga?"

"It is coming along Master," replied Ranga, who gave a shrill whistle and soon afterwards a frisky white ram came scampering through the gates, and made straight for Rajaram, knowing from habit, that it would receive a tasty tit-bit from the table.

As Rajaram patted the ram, he turned to Kapoor saying. "I am certainly lucky. I have a prize ram and a priceless servant in Ranga. No one in the whole state possesses such a fine animal or such a fine servant."

"I agree about the ram," remarked Kapoor. "But all servants are alike. They will



their heads off to make a few rupees."

Rajaram smiled broadly. "Ranga has been my servant for years, and I know from experience that he will never tell a lie."

"Fiddlesticks," snorted Kapoor. "I will wager five hundred rupees that within three days I can make your servant lie to you."

"You are throwing your money away my friend," chortled Rajaram. "In three days time, I shall be happy to relieve you of your five hundred rupees."

Kapoor went home, pondering all the way on various schemes to make this Ranga tell a lie. When he reached his house, he shouted for his servant, Somu, and told him about the wager and promised him a hundred rupees, if he could think of a fool proof scheme to make Ranga tell a lie.

"It's not going to be easy," murmured Somu, shaking his head. "But wait a minute. Ranga wants to marry Lakshmi, the daughter of old Sundaram. But the father will not consent to the marriage, because Ranga hasn't enough money to buy a house."

"What has that got to do with it?" demanded Kapoor.

"It is simple," replied Somu, rubbing his hands. "Give me two hundred rupees and I will get round Lakshmi to make Ranga sell me Rajaram's prize white ram."

Kapoor thought this sounded a good idea, and that same evening Somu went to call on Lakshmi, confident that his oily tongue could induce Lakshmi to make Ranga sell the ram.

It so happened, he met Lakshmi as she was returning from the village with sundry purchases.



Somu tells Kapoor how win the wager



"Hullo Lakshmi," he cried. "When are you and that lucky fellow Ranga, getting married?"

"Never, I am afraid," replied Lakshmi hopelessly. "Ranga will never be able to save enough money to buy a house."

Somu beamed at the girl. "I can make things easy for both of you," he confided. "Tell Ranga to sell me the white ram he grazes in the meadows, and I will pay him two hundred rupees. Then you can buy a house."

"But that ram belongs to his master," replied Lakshmi.

"Nonsense, my girl," said Somu, trying to make himself sound like a person of consequence. "The ram belongs to the person who grazes it. So let Ranga make a present of the ram to you. Then you sell it to me." Saying this, he thrust the two hundred rupees into Lakshmi's hands, and sidled off.

Later that night, Lakshmi met Ranga and he could see that she was bubbling over with excitement.

"Now we can get married," she announced happily, showing him the two hundred rupees.

"Wherever did you get that money?" he asked warily.

"It is all so simple," she said, with a gay laugh. "You make me a present of that white ram, which I have already sold for all this money."

Poor Ranga looked astonished. "The white ram!" he fairly shouted. "That ram belongs to my master. If I gave it to you, I would be sent to prison for stealing!"

Lakshmi's face fell, then she burst into tears. "What shall we do?" she wailed. "If I return the money, we shall never get married."

"To whom did you sell the ram?" asked Ranga.



Somu makes Lakshmi accept the money

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As Ranga told his story, Rajaram looked from Kapoor to Somu, who were both feeling rather uncomfortable.

When Ranga had finished, Kapoor threw up his hands in defeat and said, "He has not told a lie, so I lose the wager." Turning to Rajaram, he went on, "You shall have your ram back, together with the five

hundred rupees I lost. And as for you"—eyeing Ranga. "Lakshmi may keep the two hundred rupees, so now you can get married."

"And I will add another two hundred rupees for the wedding," exclaimed Rajaram, now happy that he still possessed his prize ram, and a servant who didn't stoop to telling lies.



"Next patient, Nurse!"



"I don't think you know much about first aid."

# The day Bombay blew up!

From the story by J. P. Ennis

Friday 14th April 1944, was the usual warm spring day in Bombay, a forerunner of the hot weather soon to come. As the countless thousands wended their way to work, thoughts probably turned to promises of an evening stroll along Marine Drive or relaxation in a cinema. No one dream that the day would mark one of the most tragic disasters of the war and by nightfall many hundreds of their fellow citizens would be dead or injured.

Bombay docks was a hive of activity. Berths were filled with ships loaded with precious war material needed in the war against Japan. Alongside at Victoria dock was a 7142 ton cargo vessel, *Fort Stikine*. She had left England seven weeks earlier loaded with ammunition and explosives, aircraft and stores. Some of the ammunition and stores had been unloaded at Karachi, where the ship had

taken on bales of cotton, lubricating oil, timber, fish manure and resin.

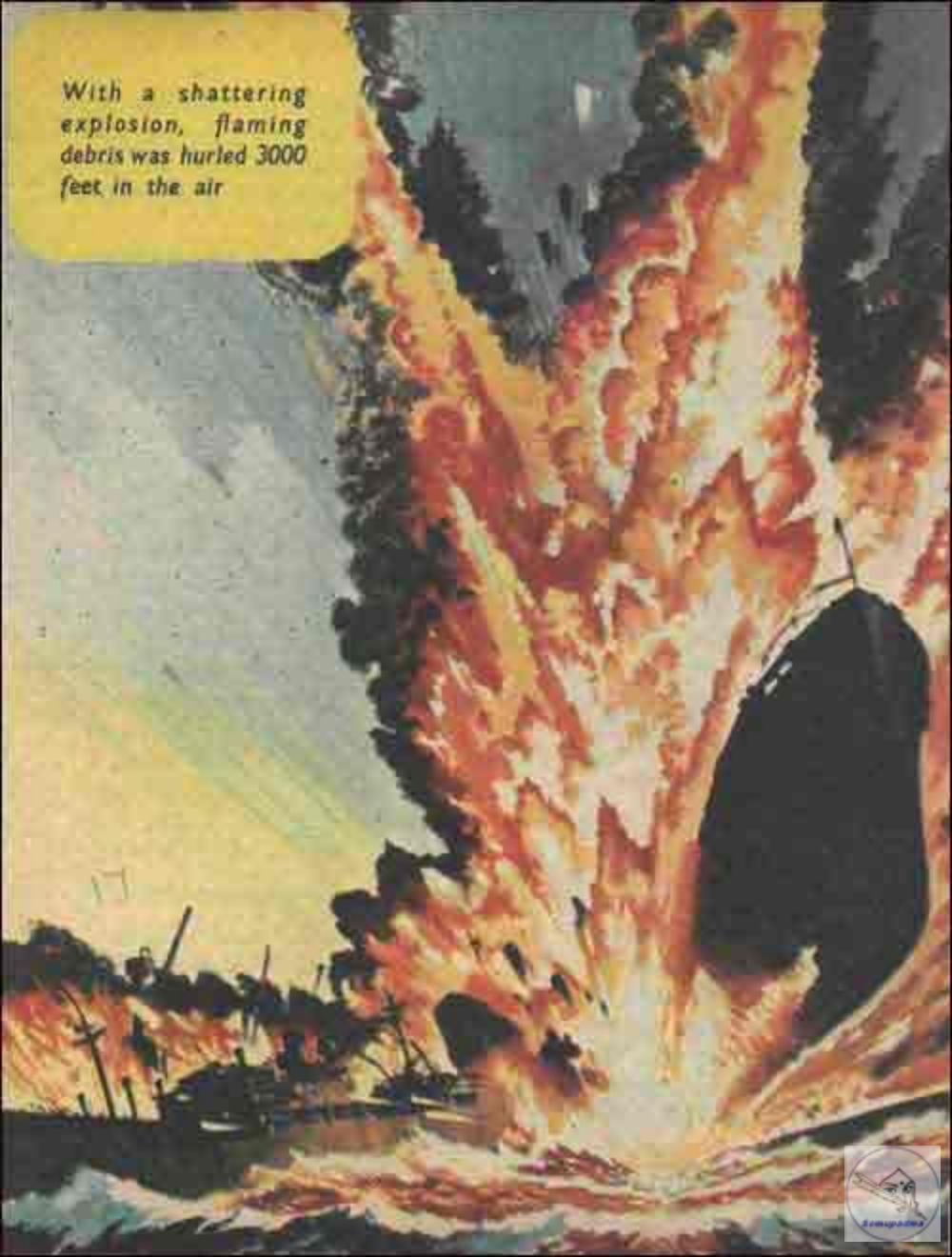
At 1-30 p.m. the dock workers returned from their lunch to carry on unloading the cargo of *Fort Stikine*. As they entered No. 2 hold, they saw smoke coming from the port side. They scrambled out of the hold, shouting "Fire!"

A fire brigade pump on the quay promptly went into action, and a call was sent to the fire brigade control room for more pumps, and these were soon on the scene. But the blaze was turning the *Fort Stikine* into a floating bomb.

Officials suggested scuttling the ship, but the water in the dock was far too shallow. Then someone said the only answer was to take the ship out to sea. Meanwhile, whilst all this confused thinking was going on firemen poured water into the burning ship.



With a shattering  
explosion, flaming  
debris was hurled 3000  
feet in the air





For nearly an hour they laboured, with enough explosives beneath their feet to blow up the entire dock area. A seaman on an adjoining ship saw the flames turn a yellow-brown colour. "Explosives!" he yelled to his comrades. "Down!"

Seconds later, a huge blaze roared up from the *Fort Stikine* followed by a shattering explosion. All over Bombay buildings shook and windows shattered. Of the firemen on board the fatal ship, sixty-six were killed outright and eighty-three injured. The captain and the chief officer of the *Fort Stikine* who were standing on the quay side, were never seen again.

The blast created a tidal wave which hurled the 5,000 ton, *Japalanda* from her berth and lifted her bow 60 feet to come to rest on the roof of a dock side shed.

But worse was to follow. From the red glow inside the pall of smoke that hid the *Fort Stikine*, came a second explosion, far greater than the first. Flaming metal, timbers and bales of cotton were flung 3000 feet into the air, and soon the harbour was ringed with burning buildings.

The human toll taken by this

second blast was frightful. St. George's hospital close by, was packed with the dead and injured. Hundreds of bodies were never recovered.

The bravery of the Bombay fire brigade and the rescue workers was outstanding, saving many lives. The work of rescue, fire fighting and salvage went on for days.

When the damage was added up, it was found that twenty-seven ships were sunk, burnt out or badly damaged. Three swing bridges over the entrances to the docks were partially destroyed, and dock buildings were gaunt heaps of rubble.

What caused the disaster? It is still a mystery. Sabotage was suspected but never proved, and arguments still persist between those who can never forget that shattering day of death and bravery when Bombay blew up.

\*\*\*\*\*

A chemistry professor asked his class what they considered the most outstanding contribution chemistry had made to the world. The first student to answer shouted: "Blondes."

Wife to husband, "You'd better get up and go see why the baby's not crying."





When Richard the Lion Heart was King, there were both Normans and Saxons in England, and they did not like each other at all. Then King Richard went to Palestine to fight in the wars there and the people expected trouble. At that time, a great Saxon lord, known as the Earl of Huntingdon, lived in a grand old manor house, called Newstead Tower, on the edge of Sherwood Forest.

His young son, Robin, who was his heir, lived with him. One day the Earl found Robin in the courtyard and called to him. Robin was busy stringing a new bow. The moment he turned and looked at his father, he knew that there was trouble brewing. "Is something wrong father?" he asked anxiously, rising to his feet.







The Earl looked very worried. "Come inside, Robin," he said. "I want to talk to you." Robin went into the long dining room with his father, and his dog Vigil. "Listen, Robin," said the Earl. "The King is away at the wars and his brother, Prince John plots with the Norman baron, Robert the Wolf, to steal the throne."

The Earl shook his head. "Prince John knows we are King's men. He will attack this house." Even while the Earl was speaking, a strong force of Normans led by the Norman baron, Robert the Wolf, came to the hill top and looked down on Newstead Manor. "There is the home of the Earl of Huntingdon," he said. "Our orders are to burn it to the ground. We will attack at nightfall and take them by surprise."





The Norman leader did not realise that the Earl of Huntingdon's servants were always on the alert. A look-out man on the great tower saw the rays of the sun flash on the arms of the Normans and immediately gave the alarm. The Earl and Robin rushed to the ramparts and there they saw the sun glinting on the armour of the Normans.



"Leave it to me, father," cried Robin boldly. "We are outnumbered but we will fight." In the great hall Robin found the merry monk, Friar Tuck and Much the Miller. That valiant fighter, Will Scarlet, was also there and when they heard the news, they all shouted. "We will fight with you Robin, to the very end, and we'll give Robert the Wolf a rough time."





Robin sped on his way through the great house, making quite sure that all the servants and the soldiers were preparing for the battle. On the stairs he met another friend, Alan the Dale, who said, "I am all ready, Robin, and all the servants are armed with pikes and clubs."

Robin went round making sure all the great oak doors were shut and barricaded. As the evening drew near, the Earl called everybody to him, to give them their final orders for the big fight. "My friends," he said, "the Normans outnumber us, but there must be no surrender," Friar Tuck spoke for them all. "We will never give in, my lord!" he said.



Midnight came and still all was quiet. Robin went round to see that everybody was alert. He went to his father's room and found the aged earl buckling on his sword, ready for the fight. Robin felt proud of his father, but the Earl wanted to speak to him. "Listen Robin," he said. "If I die in the battle, you must promise to be true to our King."



The Earl and Robin went on the ramparts to await the invaders. The Normans, led by Robert the Wolf, were coming across the dark fields towards the house. First there were knights in armour, followed by archers and soldiers with torches ready to burn down the house. The Norman leader was sure he would win the fight.



ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN NEXT ISSUE







## The Artful Servant

Gupta was a crusty old bachelor, who liking good food, employed a capable cook. But mind you, Gupta wouldn't stand for any nonsense over marketing expenses, or vanishing food.

One morning, Gupta met an old friend, who had just arrived back from a trip up north. After the usual jovial exchange of greetings, Gupta's friend opened a fruit basket he was carrying and with a flourish, presented Gupta with two very fine looking mangoes.

Gupta who was rather partial to mangoes, carried the precious fruit home, and gave his cook very precise instructions to slice the mangoes carefully, so that there was no waste.

Now the cook was also partial to mangoes, and when he started to slice the first mango, his mouth began to water and he thought that it would be all right if he tasted just a very small slice. The titbit tasted so delicious, a second slice followed the first. Well of course, a third slice went the same way,



and before the cook realised what he was doing, he had finished one whole mango.

Only then did he realise that his master would not fail to see that something was amiss. Maybe he could say that one of the fruit was bad, or better still, he could swear that someone sneaked into the kitchen and stole both the mangoes.

Yes, that was the answer. Some one stole the fruit. Grateful to his imagination, the cook ate the second mango, which was even more enjoyable than the first one.

Meanwhile Gupta noticed a holy man passing the house,

and he called to him to come inside and partake of refreshments. As soon as the holy man was comfortably seated, Gupta bustled into the kitchen and told the cook to serve some of the sliced mangoes to the holy man.

The cook threw up his arms in disgust. "Look at that knife," he said pointing to the one and only kitchen knife. "It is so blunt, it won't cut anything."

"I will soon see to that," replied Gupta, picking up the knife, and storming out of the door into the yard, where he proceeded to sharpen the knife







on a stone.

As soon as his master went outside, the cook hurried into the other room, and clutching the holy man by the arm whispered excitedly, "Don't stay here. My master worships the goddess Kali, and means to cut off your ears to offer as a sacrifice. Even now he is busy sharpening his knife to do the ghastly deed. Come, and I will show you."

When the holy man saw Gupta with the knife in his hand, he gave a shriek of horror and rushed madly out of the house. Gupta hearing the confusion came into the kitchen and wanted to know what all the noise was about.

"That was no holy man," the cook shouted. "The rascal came into the kitchen, grabbed the two mangoes and made off."

Gupta still clutching the knife, ran into the street, and

seeing the holy man in the distance called to him to stop. The holy man turning round, could only see that fearsome knife Gupta was brandishing, and having no desire to have his ears lopped off, put on a burst of speed that would have done great justice to any marathon runner.

Gupta hoping to recover his two mangoes ran headlong after him. And as far as we know, the two men are still running.

---

An aspiring author sent a manuscript to an editor with a letter in which he stated, "The characters in this story are purely fictional and bear no resemblance to any person, living or dead."

A few days later he received his manuscript with the penciled notation: "That's what's wrong with it."

---







# THE HUNDRED CHERRIES

A long time ago, in Rumania, there lived a man named Stan Bolovan and his wife. Although they were poor, they were very happy, except for one thing. They had no children and every time his wife thought about it, she wept bitterly. Finally, Stan said, "Do not worry about it any more, I will go and consult the Wise Man."

The Wise Man listened to Stan's problem. "Pick a cherry from the tree outside my door

and eat it on your way home," he said. Then he went into his house and shut the door.

Stan thought this a strange idea of a joke, but the cherries looked so delicious that he picked one and ate it. Then he ate another and finally he filled his pockets with cherries and ate them on the way home. When he reached the gate he had eaten exactly one hundred cherries.

As he went up the path, he



heard the strangest sounds coming from the house; laughing, crying, dancing, singing, shouting and quarrelling and when he opened the door there stood his wife, surrounded by children.

"How many children have we?" Stan asked in amazement.

"Exactly one hundred," she beamed.

Stan remembered the Wise Man's words and the hundred cherries he had eaten on the way home, but he hardly had time to stop and think, for all the children began clamouring for food. It seemed to Stan that they were always hungry and it took all his time providing food for them, so one day, quite exhausted, he said to his wife, "It is more than I can do to provide food for one hundred hungry children. I must go out into the world and make my fortune."

His wife agreed. She gave him a lump of bread and a round cheese and he set off. As night drew near, Stan came across a goatherd and he asked if he could spend the night beside his log fire. The goatherd replied that he would be glad of some company, for every

night a great dragon appeared and milked his goats. Hardly had the goatherd spoken, than there came the sound of beating wings and a huge, fierce dragon flew down. The goatherd hid at once behind a stone, but Stan Bolovan drew himself up to his full height, although he was quaking with fear.

"Dragon, why do you come each night to milk the goats?" he bellowed.

"Because my grandmother likes to bathe in the milk," the dragon roared back. "And who are you, little man?"

"I am Stan Bolovan, who eats rocks for dinner and drinks a river of milk at one mouthful," boasted Stan. Then he took the round cheese from his pocket and squeezed until the liquid ran out. "Can you squeeze a stone until water runs out of it?" he asked. The dragon picked up a stone, but hard as he tried, he could not squeeze water out of it.

Stan squeezed until all the whey was out of the cheese, then he put the rest in his mouth and ate it. "Who is this, who can eat even stones?" said the dragon to himself. Aloud he said, "Come with me, for my grandmother can find work





for you and she will pay you well."

"Well, I can't back out now," thought Stan, so he agreed to go and the dragon picked him up and flew to where his grandmother waited. She was twice as big and fierce as her grandson and Stan shook with fear.

"Here is a man who can squeeze water out of stones and eat the remains," said the dragon.

"Then I have plenty of tasks he can perform," replied the grandmother. "If he does not, he shall be our slave for ever." Then she picked up a club, bound with iron and studded with spikes. "We will see who can throw this the longest distance," she said.

Stan was even more terrified when he saw how far the dragon hurled the huge club, for he could not even lift it. However, he went to where the club was buried in the ground and sat on the handle. "What are you waiting for?" jeered the dragon.

"I am waiting for the sun to set, for if I throw it and it hits the sun, it will be burnt to a cinder," replied Stan.

The dragon shook with terror at this. "Do not let my grandmother's club be burnt to a



The dragon could not squeeze water out of the stone

cinder," he said, "I will give you two sacks of gold if you agree not to throw it."

Stan pretended to be very reluctant, but finally he agreed. When the grandmother heard this, she snorted, "I will set another task, which he will not be able to perform." She pulled out a pile of water bags and told the two of them to go to the river and fill them with water, for wash day.

The dragon went to the river laden with water bags, but Stan took none and when the dragon asked why, he replied, "I want a







At midnight, the dragon entered the bedroom, carrying a huge club

to see how much water there is in the river to bring back." The dragon filled his water bags and staggered home and when he went back to the river, Stan was busy digging a large hole.

"What is that for?" he asked.

"You asked for water," replied Stan, "so I shall see that you get plenty. I am digging this channel to your front door, so that the river will run through your house."

"Stop, stop," cried the dragon hastily. "I will give you three sacks of gold to leave the river where it is."

Stan agreed and when the dragon told his grandmother what he had been doing, she turned quite pale. "We will beat him yet," she growled and she told them to go into the forest and see who could collect the most wood for the fire.

Stan watched while the dragon pulled up six oak trees. Then he climbed up the biggest oak tree of all and tied a thick strand of wild vine around it.

"What are you doing up there?" called the dragon.

"I am tying this creeper to all the trees in the forest, so



that when I pull the first one, all the rest will come, too," said Stan.

"But then there will be no forest left and we will have no more wood," cried the dragon. "If you will promise to leave the forest where it is I will give you ten sacks of gold."

Grumbling loudly, Stan agreed and when they returned to the dragon's home he told his grandmother what had happened. "You were quite right," she said, "but that means we owe him fifteen sacks of gold altogether. That is too much. Tonight, we must get rid of this terrible man."

Stan overheard this and that night, he put a log inside the

bed, while he himself hid underneath it. At midnight, the dragon entered the bedroom, carrying a huge club. He dealt three great blows at the bed and the third blow shattered the club.

Next morning Stan walked jauntily into the room where the dragon and his grandmother were having breakfast. They turned pale when they saw him.

"What a comfortable bed," said Stan. "I slept like a log. In fact, I like it here so much that I was thinking of staying for good."

"No, no," cried the grandmother in terror. "We will give you another five sacks of gold to go away."





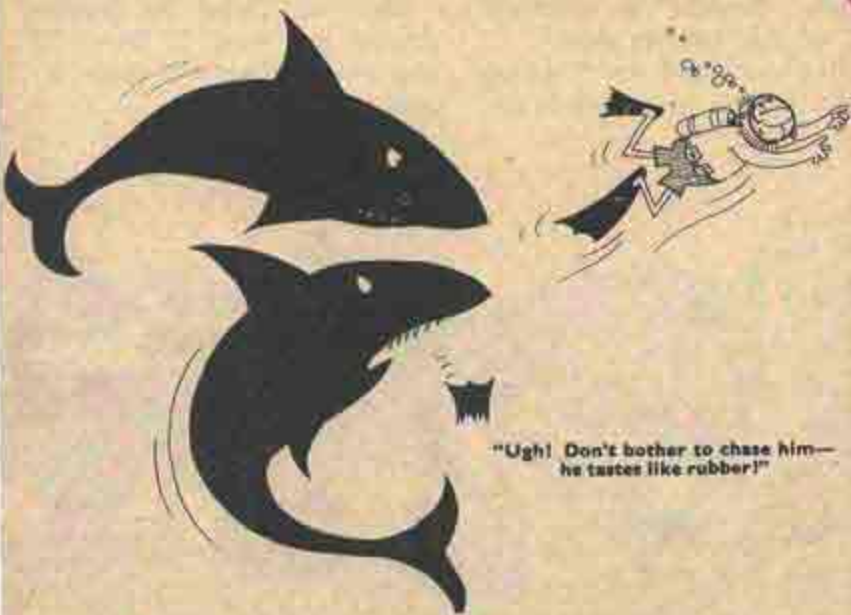
Stan pretended to be reluctant to go, but finally, he said, "I will go, if that is what you want, but I am ashamed to return home with so little. If you will bring the sacks of gold home for me, it will save me much embarrassment."

Glad to get rid of Stan, the dragon picked up the twenty sacks of gold and set off. When they reached Stan's home, they heard the singing and shouting, the crying and quarrelling, the dancing and laughing of one

hundred children and the dragon asked what the noise was.

"That is my family," said Stan.

"Are they all like you?" asked the dragon and Stan told him they were. At that, the dragon dropped the sacks of gold outside the door and fled in terror, while Stan went into the house to be welcomed by his wife and children and tell them that they need want for nothing for the rest of their lives.



"Ugh! Don't bother to chase him—he tastes like rubber!"



**NATURE—Plants**  
Cabbage



**NATURE—Plants**  
Sunflower



**NATURE—Plants**  
Salsify



**NATURE—Plants**  
Tomato



## NATURE—Plants

### Sunflower

**T**HE sunflower is usually an annual plant belonging to the *Compositae* family. It came originally from North America and was brought to Europe about the year 1596.

Sunflowers are generally very tall plants and sometimes grow to a height of more than 6 ft. The stems are thick and the leaves, which are oval in shape, grow alternately along them. They occasionally reach length of over 12 in.

The flowers have large brown discs in the centre and most have numerous yellow petals. When the flowers fruit, many hundreds of seeds are formed. These are used for making sunflower oil and also as food for poultry. They can be used for making soap and margarine and in the canning of fish. Many people consider that sunflower oil is equal to good olive oil in food value.

## NATURE—Plants

### Tomato

**T**HE tomato is a member of the *Solanaceae* family and its Latin botanical name is *Lycopersicon esculentum*.

Rather strangely, the tomato was eaten in Europe many years before it was eaten in America. The reason for this is that at one time the Americans thought the plant was poisonous.

In fact, tomatoes contain valuable amounts of both vitamin A and vitamin C and are widely eaten throughout the world. The parts of the plants that are eaten are, strictly speaking, fruits but because they are largely served as vegetables, they are often described as such, particularly in America.

## NATURE—Plants

### Cabbage

**T**HE cabbage is a vegetable belonging to the *Cruciferae* family and to the genus *Brassica*.

It is a biennial plant—that is to say, one that takes two years to fruit and then dies. The species from which most types of cabbage have been produced is the common cabbage, *Brassica oleracea*.

Cabbage seedlings are frequently attacked by flea beetles but this can be avoided by using a layer of derris dust.

Cabbage seeds should be sown in quite shallow soil and the seedlings are raised about 6 in. apart. When they are fairly large, they should be transplanted to a rich, firm soil.

## NATURE—Plants

### Salsify

**S**ALSIFY is a vegetable belonging to the *Compositae* family. Its Latin botanical name is *Tragopogon porrifolius*.

Its roots are long and tapering and make very good eating when they are cooked properly. Perhaps the best way to cook them is to boil them until they are not quite done and then to slice them and fry them.

Salsify is grown from seeds which are usually sown in the early spring in a deep layer of soil. The flowers, which are purple in colour, appear around the end of May or the beginning of June. For good roots, these should be taken off as soon as they appear.

The roots of the salsify are ready for eating at the end of October and may be kept throughout the winter if they are stored in sand.







# MAHABHARATA

*The story so far:*

The Pandava princes having lost all their possessions in crooked games of dice, planned by the Kaurava prince, Duryodhana, are forced to spend twelve years of exile in the wilderness. Sri Krishna who had always befriended the Pandava princes, came to visit them in the forest. He consoled Draupadi in her distress and gave good advice to the brothers.

The great sage Vyasa came to visit Yudhishthira, and advised Arjuna, to acquire celestial arms by penance and worship. Arjuna followed the advice, met the Lord Shiva in the guise of a hunter, pleased him by his prowess in combat, and obtained

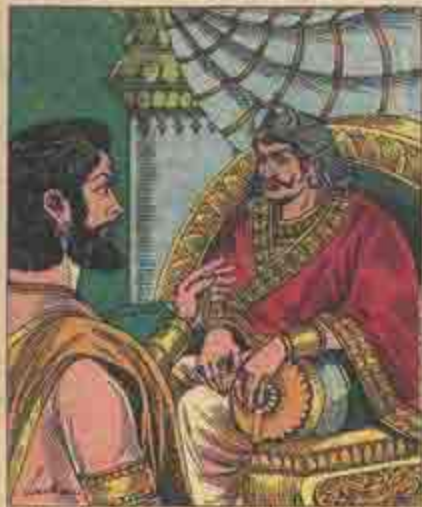
his blessings and the Pasupata weapon.

Afterwards, Arjuna was taken to the Kingdom of the Gods, to pay homage to God Indra.

Whilst Arjuna dwelt in the Kingdom of the Gods, the sage Romasa visited the kingdom, and expressed surprise that an ordinary mortal such as Prince Arjuna, should be seated so close to the God Indra.

Indra noticing the sage's consternation said, "Have no fear, for Arjuna belongs to the Gods. In a previous birth on earth, he was the sage Nara, when Krishna was the sage Narayana. They have taken their present mortal existence to rid the earth





**Vyasa told King Dhritarashtra that Arjuna had been given celestial weapons**

of those who are wicked. When you return to the world below tell the Pandava princes that Arjuna is here with us as a guest of honour."

When the sage Romasa visited the forest and told the princes the whereabouts of their brother Arjuna, everyone was elated to hear the news.

Meanwhile at Hastinapura, the sage Vyasa told the blind king, Dhritarashtra, that Arjuna was visiting the Kingdom of the Gods and had been given celestial weapons.

When the sage departed,

Dhritarashtra sent for Sanjaya and told him all that the sage had said. "Is this not an ill omen?" he said despairingly. "If Arjuna has been given celestial weapons, then woe betide us. All my sons will suffer through Duryodhana's insane jealousy."

Sanjaya tried hard to find words to console the blind king, but could not, for he too realised that the future would bring nothing but bloodshed and sorrow.

In the Kamyaka forest, the Pandava priest beseeched Yudhishtira and his brothers to go on a pilgrimage, as the time was auspicious. Accordingly, the Pandava princes went on a pilgrimage, and the first place they visited was the hermitage of Agasthya, where one of the inmates told them this story of the sage Agasthya:

In the city of Manimanth, lived two cannibal brothers, Vatapi and Ilavala. These two monsters had devised a fiendish plan by which they could rob their guests. Vatapi would turn himself into a ram, and would be cooked into a tempting dish by Ilavala. When the guests had eaten this meat, Ilavala would shout to his brother to



come out of the guests bodies. Vatapi would then tear himself out, causing the guests to die in terrible agony.

The sage Agasthya, visited the two brothers, fully aware of their murderous intent. When he had feasted on the ram's meat, the sage, using his great powers, ordered Vatapi to stay where he was. Ilavala seeing the ruse had failed, became scared for his own life, and begged the sage to take all the wealth they had plundered in the past to leave him in peace.

Another story of Sage Agasthya was this:

There was once a tribe of monsters called Kalakeyas. They lived at the bottom of the ocean, from where they made lightning raids on both heaven and earth, tormenting and destroying both gods and man. As the gods were helpless to attack the monsters underneath the ocean, they called on sage Agasthya to help them. The sage dipped the palms of his hands into the ocean and drank the water, and as he drank the ocean sank lower and lower, until he drained it dry. Without the protection of the ocean waters, the Kalakeyas were helpless and the gods descended

and slew them all.

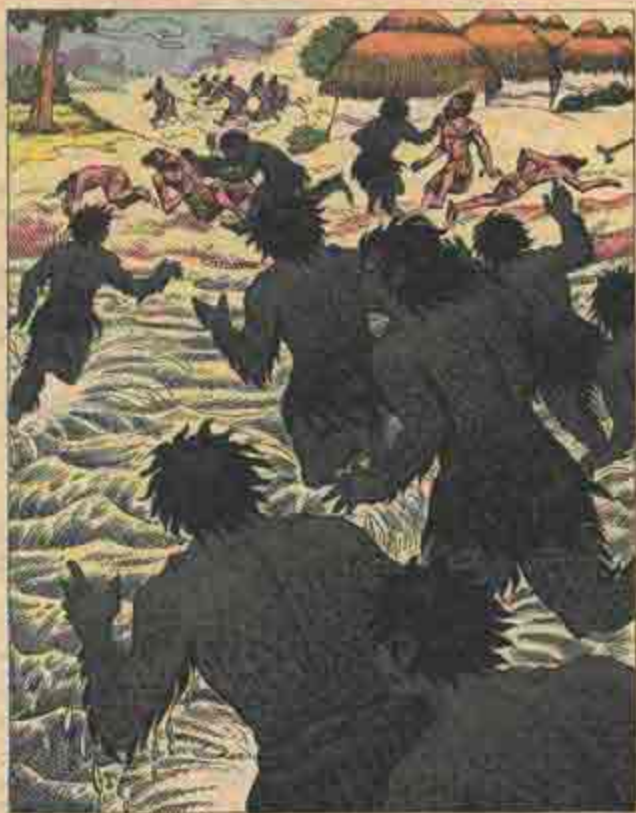
From Agasthya's hermitage, the Pandava princes visited many other holy places and eventually came to Mount Mahendra, where the sages told them this story of Parasurama:

There was once a monster with a thousand arms called Kartavirya, who slaughtered people out of mere joy of bloodshed. One day he attacked the hermitage of Parasurama's father, and dragged away the sage's magical cow. When Parasurama came to hear of this outrage, he sought out Kartavirya and slew him with his great axe.

**Parasurama killed the monster, Kartavirya.**







**The Kalakeyas came out of the ocean with murderous intent.**

As a reprisal, Kartaviray's sons again attacked the hermitage and killed Parasurama's father. This time Parasurama swore a great oath of vengeance, and did not rest until every single member of the Kartavirya tribe was slain.

Resuming their pilgrimage, the Pandava princes came to the sacred lake of Prabhasa, where they were greeted by the Yadavas, led by Sri Krishna and his brother, Balarama. The Yadavas assured the princes that after their twelve years of

exile, they would regain their kingdom even if it meant war against the Kauravas.

After the Yadavas had departed, the Pandava princes journeyed over Mount Gandhamadanag to the hermitage of Badarika on the banks of the river Ganga.

Here the princes rested and bathed in the sacred river. On the seventh day of their stay a rare scent pervaded the air, and soon afterwards a huge scarlet flower with a thousand petals, fell at their feet.

Draupadi was enraptured by this lovely flower and begged Bhima to find the tree so that it could be transplanted in their abode in the Kamyaka forest.

Bhima, delighted to do anything for Draupadi, set out to find this flowering tree. His search took him through glens

carpeted with wild flowers and over hills bursting with the song of gorgeously plumed birds. As he wandered on his way, Bhima sang so loud, his voice echoed through the hills.

Coming to a lake, Bhima gave a great shout of joy and was soon enjoying a swim in the cool waters. Now this happened to be close to the abode of God Hanuman, who recognized the voice of his brother, Bhima.

Hanuman was glad that they were going to meet, but impishly decided to play a joke on Bhima. So he lay across the path Bhima would have to take, and lashed his tail on the ground making a noise like a clap of thunder. Bhima, wondering what this noise could be, hurriedly dressed, and rushed along the path to see who was causing such an unholy disturbance.







## A DEBT OF HONOUR

Three hundred years ago, there lived in the great city of Srirangam a famous jeweller, whose name was Anand. Not only was Anand an expert on precious stones, but he was extremely honest in business, which paid handsomely, for he was a very rich man.

One day Raghu, a prosperous merchant from the city of Badami, called on Anand with the intention of buying one or two gems as an investment.

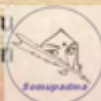
When Raghu was shown Anand's collection of precious stones, his eyes fastened on a large square emerald, a stone of great beauty and radiance, and he decided there and then, that this was the jewel he must possess.

"How much is this stone?" asked Raghu, pointing to the emerald.

"Ten thousand pieces of silver," replied Anand. Raghu didn't haggle. He emptied his bag of coins on the floor, and quickly counted his silver, but when he had finished, he was far short of ten thousand pieces. "I am afraid I have only eight thousand pieces," he said. "But if you will accept my word, I will send you the balance as soon as I return home to Badami."

Anand, who was a good judge of character, readily agreed, and Raghu departed, happy to be the possessor of this rare emerald.

Riding back home, Raghu couldn't resist the temptation



of taking out his emerald and feasting his eyes on its brilliance. He was nearing home, when two armed robbers rushed at him from each side of the road. Raghu was no coward, and drawing his sword, struck the first ruffian before he could deliver a blow. The other robber, armed with a dagger, tried to drag Raghu out of his saddle, and when this failed, he stabbed Raghu in the back.

Raghu somehow managed to spur his horse to a gallop, but weakened by the loss of blood, he collapsed on reaching his home. His son, Padmanath, horrified at the sight of his father, sent everyone rushing for doctors. But Raghu, knowing his life was ebbing away, called his son to his side. "Listen carefully my son," he managed to say. "I owe the sum of two thousand pieces of silver to the merchant Anand of Srirangam for the emerald I purchased. You must pay this debt."

The following evening Raghu died, but afterwards it took several months to settle his affairs, for Raghu, in his extravagant mode of living, never troubled to keep account of his debts or the monies owed to



**Padmanath was attacked by the rebel soldiers**

him. When the lawyers had finished their task, Padmanath the son, was amazed to find that he was virtually penniless, and as things stood, there certainly wasn't sufficient money to pay the merchant Anand the two thousand pieces of silver.

Padmanath was determined to pay his father's debt, and decided to go to Srirangam to sell the emerald back to Anand the merchant. But when he reached Srirangam, it was to find that an uprising had taken place and the city was occupied by rebel forces, who were busy plundering the city and executing





**Sekhar promised his father  
he would pay the debt**

ing any who they felt was against the rebel cause.

Avoiding the groups of soldiers roaming the streets, Padmanath made his way to Anand's house, only to discover it had been burned to the ground. An old servitor searching in the ruins, tearfully told Padmanath that Anand had been killed by the rebels, but his son Raju and his family had managed to escape. The old servitor had no idea as to where they could be found.

Before Padmanath could ask any more questions, a group of rebel soldiers came running

along the street and pounced on the two men. The old servitor was struck down where he stood, and Padmanath was brutally beaten and searched for loot.

When one of the soldiers found the precious emerald, they started arguing among themselves over the jewel, and forgot their victim lying in the road.

Eventually Padmanath managed to get away from the war torn city, and he firmly vowed that although he had even lost the emerald, one day he would pay the debt owing to Anand's family.

Twenty years passed, and through the years Padmanath had managed to build up a flourishing business. But hard work had taken its toll and he now lay close to death.

The unpaid debt to Anand's kin still troubled him and one night shortly before his death, he told his son Sekhar, of the debt that had to be paid. "I have tried for years to find Anand's son," he said. "Only recently I heard that the family was thought to be living in Satara. Go there, I beg of you, find Anand's son and pay this debt of honour."



Shortly after his father's death, Sekhar travelled to Satara, where he learned that Anand's son Raju had opened a jewellery business in the old bullion market, but he had died several years ago.

Going to the bullion market, Sekhar was pointed out the house where Raju's family lived. Here he was greeted by a young man who said he was Vishnu, the son of Raju.

"I have travelled from Badami regarding an old debt of two thousand pieces of silver," said Sekhar.

Vishnu looked crestfallen. "I am afraid your journey has been in vain," he replied mournfully. "For the past two years I have had to pay my father's debts, and today I do not possess one piece of silver, let alone two thousand pieces."

"I have not come to collect a debt," said Sekhar. "This is money owed to your grandfather for more than twenty years. Now I have come to pay my family's debt."

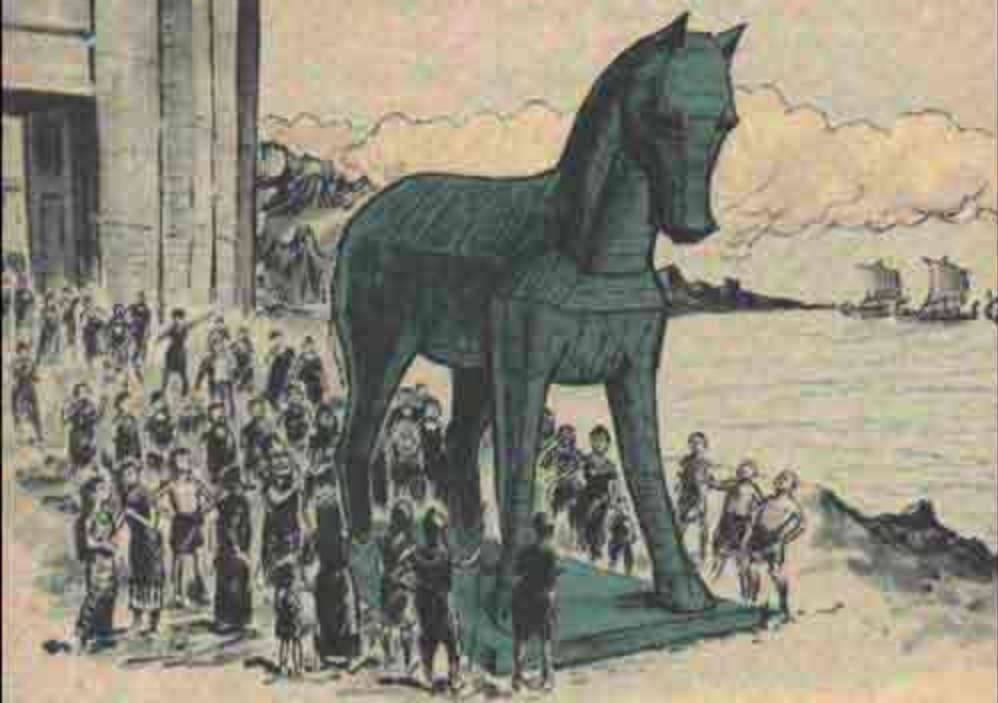
At first Vishnu refused to even consider accepting payment of such an old debt, especially when he heard how the emerald had been stolen during the rebellion in Srirangam. After the two young men had discussed the problem for sometime, Vishnu came out with a bright suggestion. "Let us start a business as partners with this two thousand pieces of silver. I am sure we shall succeed."

Sekhar was glad to have found a friend, and so the two young men started a business and it grew into a great trading enterprise.





# The story of the WOODEN



When Paris, the son of the Trojan king, ran away with Helen, the wife of King Menelaus, who ruled part of Greece, all the warriors and princes in the land set out to capture and destroy the city of Troy and bring Helen safely back.

A large fleet of Greek ships was assembled and many sol-

diers were called upon to sail away to Troy and fight, but in spite of their strong army the Greeks could not capture the city. The walls surrounding Troy were thick and strong and the soldiers could not batter them down. The war dragged on and on for ten long years. The Trojans could not leave



# HORSE



their city and the Greeks could not enter it.

Finally, after one of many unsuccessful attacks, the Greek leaders returned to their ships and held a council to decide what to do. There was much talk and argument but nobody could think of a plan that would overthrow the city until Ulysses, one of the Greek kings, thought of an idea. He stood up and addressing all the kings and

generals seated round the table, he explained his cunning plan. "Let us build a wooden horse with a hollow inside," he said, "large enough to hide a number of our bravest warriors. Then the rest of us can set sail in our ships, so that the Trojan people will believe that we have left their shores for ever."

As Ulysses outlined his plan the leaders all nodded their heads in agreement. When he had finished they decided that this idea was the one most likely to bring them victory.

The next day orders were given for work to begin on the wooden horse and half the Greek army went into a nearby forest to cut down trees. Planks of wood were made from the trees and the army carpenters cut and nailed them together, working day and night until the huge horse was finished. It towered above the tallest man in the army and the inside was hollow, just as Ulysses had ordered. It was so cleverly made that the trapdoor, by which the warriors would enter the horse, was completely invisible from the outside.

The bravest and strongest men in the army were picked. They sharpened their weapons





and put on their armour, ready to do battle. They also covered themselves with silk cloth so if one man bumped against another inside the hollow horse, their armour would not ring or make a clinking sound.

When the warriors led by Ulysses and King Menelaus, were safely inside the horse, the Greek army burned their huts and destroyed everything they could not take on board their ships. They hoisted their sails, hauled up the anchors and sailed away from the city of Troy, but they did not go far, for when they were out of sight of the city they intended to drop anchor again and wait.

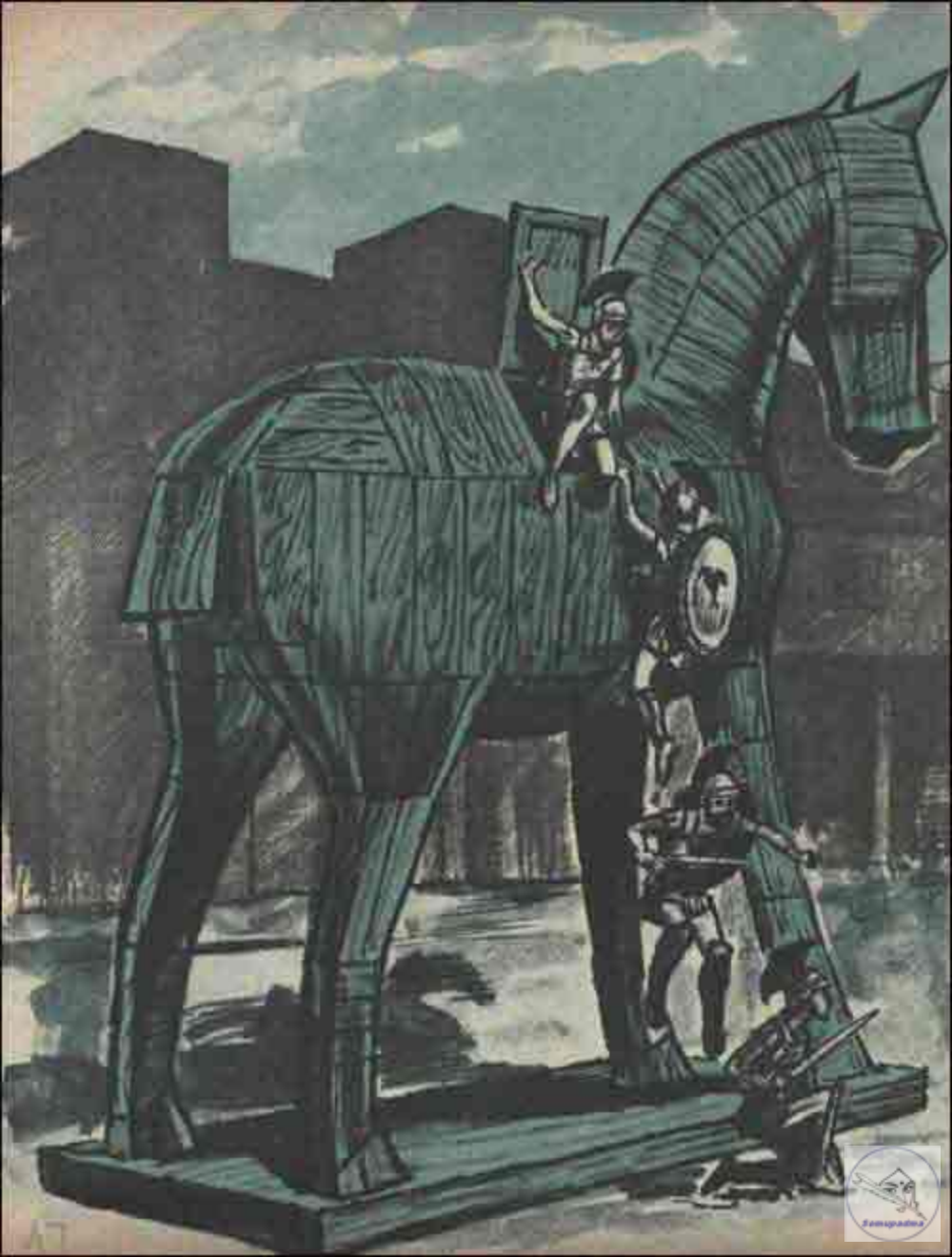
All that was left on the beach was the huge wooden horse and one Greek soldier. His name was Sinon and he had been chosen specially by Ulysses to stay behind, because he was not a very good soldier and he had never fought in the front lines of the Greek army. Ulysses was sure that none of the Trojan soldiers or sentries would recognise him.

When the Trojans saw the Greek ships disappearing out to sea they sent out scouts to make sure the army had really left and that it was no trick.

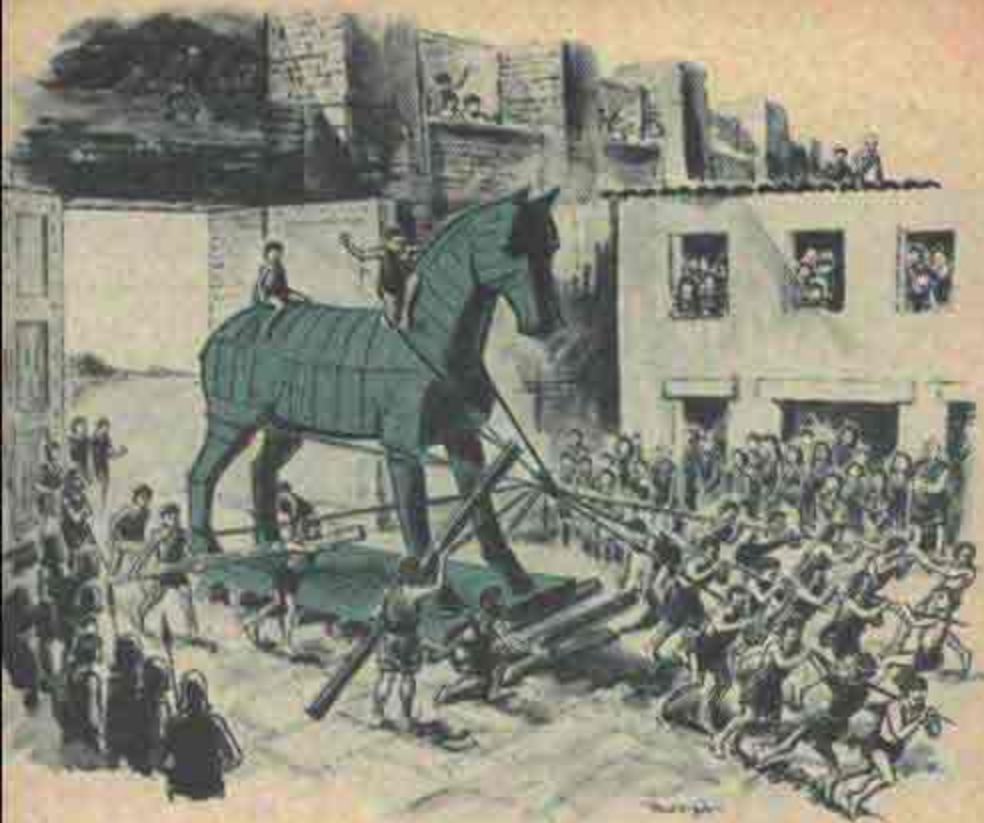
The scouts reported that the army had indeed gone from the shores of Troy, leaving behind one huge wooden horse and one soldier from their army.

While the people flocked out of the city gates to gaze in wonder at the horse, the Trojan generals asked Sinon why he had not sailed away with the rest of the army. Sinon told them that he had argued with one of the kings, Ulysses, and had angered Ulysses so much that he had hidden in the forest, afraid that if Ulysses found him he would surely be killed. "Why have your soldiers left that huge wooden horse on the beach?" asked one of the generals. "Our leaders were advised by the priests to sail home and forget the war," replied Sinon, for this was the story that Ulysses had told him to tell the Trojans. "Before they went," continued Sinon, "the soldiers built the horse as an offering to the goddess, Pallas Athene. It was purposely made so large because they did not want you to take it inside the city to your own temple of Pallas Athene. Instead, our kings and generals hoped you would destroy the horse and bring destruction to yourselves and the city of Troy."









by bringing the wrath of the goddess Pallas Athene on yourselves."

The Trojan generals listened carefully to Sinon's words. Some of them believed him, but others thought it was a trick and the wooden horse should be burned. Inside the horse, the brave Greek warriors, who

could hear everything that was being said, trembled at these words, but to their relief, most of the Trojans thought Sinon was telling the truth and they prepared to move the horse inside the city to their temple.

Wooden rollers and strong ropes were fetched and a large number of the strongest men



came to help in the task. The rollers were put under the horse and the ropes were tied to the front. Pulling as hard as they could the men managed to move the wooden horse slowly inside the city of Troy. Darkness was falling and it was now too late to drag the horse through the city streets, to the temples, so the gates were shut and the people returned to their homes, to celebrate the retreat of the Greek army.

That night the city was filled with parties of people, singing, drinking, eating and dancing. After ten years the war was over and now the people could lead normal lives once more and go outside their walled city without fear of being killed. Even the sentries on the city wall thought the danger had passed and after drinking and dancing long into the night, they fell asleep at their posts.

As soon as darkness fell the Greek ships had hauled up their anchors and sailed towards the Trojan shores again. Silently, the army landed on the beaches and crept up to the city.

Inside the hollow horse the Greek warriors heard the last sounds of dancing and singing fade away. All was quiet as

they opened the trapdoor in the side of the wooden horse and lowered themselves to the ground. The Trojan sentries heard nothing as some of the warriors went to the gate and others sped to the palace where the generals and leaders lay fast asleep, after their huge feast. The sentries were silenced and the gates were opened to let in the waiting Greeks.

The fighting went on through the night with most of the Trojans hardly realising what was happening to their city. Many were cut down before they had time to awake and arm themselves. In the morning, the city which had defied capture for ten long years lay in ashes. Its old King, Priam, and his son, Paris, lay dead in their palace, King Menelaus found his wife, Helen, at the Trojan palace and the victorious Greek army sailed for home, taking with them great stores of gold, silver and jewels which they had found in the city. They left behind them a ruined city and a bewildered people, still trying to find out how the strong gates had been opened and how the Greek army had returned so quickly to defeat them.





# FEATURE COMPETITION

## WHICH FEATURES IN THIS MAGAZINE DO YOU LIKE BEST?

The aim of this magazine is to publish only the finest stories and informative articles. So from the Editor's point of view, it is very important to know what readers like and dislike.

Hence this competition. All you have to do is say which six features you like best in this issue, in their order of merit.

All entries will be studied and an order of popularity made up according to the majority vote.

Rs. 50 will be paid to the reader whose list is nearest to the final order of popularity. All entries must be received by 31st January 1972, and the result will be published in the March issue.

You can use the entry form below, or if you do not wish to mutilate your copy of Chandamama, fill in the detail on a plain sheet of paper or a postcard and send to:

The Editor,  
Chandamama Magazine,  
Madras-26.

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NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_





## THIRD TIME LUCKY

This is the story of Mahesh, a young lad who lived with his father, a widower, in a village not many miles from Surat. Mahesh was a capable worker and it was mainly his efforts, that gave them a good income from their farm land. But his father was both arrogant and selfish, with never a kind word for his son, only abuse and perpetual grumbling.

In the same village was a girl named Tulasi, who although not very beautiful, was popular with everyone for her happy disposition and kindness. Mahesh and Tulasi had been sweethearts ever since they were small children, so it was not surprising when Mahesh announced his intention of marrying Tulasi.

Tulasi's parents readily agreed to the marriage, but Mahesh's father refused to even consider such a betrothal. "Utter nonsense," he shouted, in his temper. "Why should I have another mouth to feed? Wait until you have saved sufficient money to support a wife."

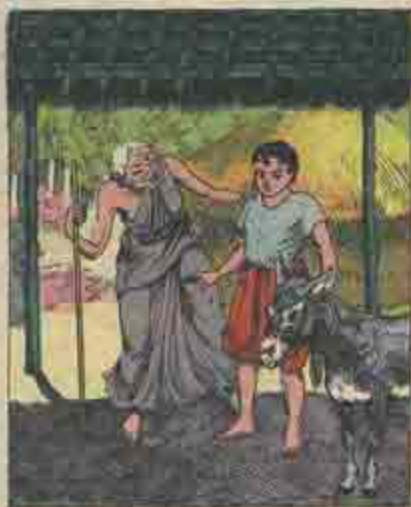
Mahesh refused to be downcast and thought. "I keep our farm going and get virtually no pay. So the only thing to do is leave home and earn good pay elsewhere, then I can marry Tulasi."

After confiding his plans to Tulasi, Mahesh packed a few clothes into a bundle and quietly stole out of the house late at night.

Walking through a forest the







**The old woman gave  
Mahesh a donkey**

following morning, he met a very old woman, bent nearly double carrying a bundle of wood on her head.

"Wait a moment, Mother," he said, catching hold of the bundle of wood. "Let me carry it, I am young and the weight is nothing to me."

As Mahesh walked alongside the old woman, she kept on asking questions as to where he was going, and what he was going to do. In the end Mahesh found himself telling the old woman about his disagreeable father and his plans to go to the city and earn sufficient money in

order to marry.

The old woman shook her finger under his nose. "The city is full of wicked temptations" she cackled. "You come and work for me and at the end of a year I will give you a very valuable gift."

She seemed a nice old woman, so for a year Mahesh worked hard at her cottage, growing vegetables, cutting wood and tending to her cattle.

At the end of the year the old woman said, "You have worked hard and deserve a good gift." With that she disappeared into the stable, and led out an ordinary looking donkey. "Here you are," she cried. "Here is my gift."

Mahesh looked dubiously at the donkey, and his heart sank at the thought of having to look after this animal, when he should be busy earning money.

The old woman, seeing the look on his face, burst out laughing. "This is no ordinary donkey. Just you pull his ears and see what happens."

Mahesh thought he had better humour the old woman, so he took hold of the donkey's ears and gave them a good pull. To his amazement the donkey opened its mouth and out showed



red gold and silver coins.

Mahesh was overjoyed at his good fortune, and after thanking the old woman, set out for home with his wonderful donkey.

On the way home he decided to stay at an inn for the night. It was a disreputable looking inn, and the woman and her son who owned the place were a formidable looking pair. But at least it was somewhere to sleep, so after stabling his donkey and eating the poor food put before him, Mahesh went to bed.

The following morning, the woman asked for payment, so Mahesh went to the stable and pulled his donkey's ears. Quickly pocketing the coins that came out of the donkey's mouth, Mahesh hurried back to pay the woman.

Unknown to Mahesh, the woman's son saw what happened in the stable, and as soon as Mahesh's back was turned, the son took the magical donkey and tethered another donkey in its place.

Mahesh, having paid the innkeeper, took the donkey, never dreaming it was not his animal, and resumed his journey homewards.

As Mahesh reached home, his father rushed out of the house. "Where have you been, you rascal?" he shouted.

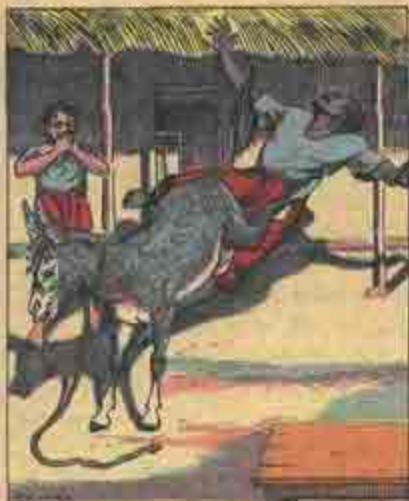
"Everything is all right father," said Mahesh brightly. "I have earned this magical donkey. Every time you pull its ears, gold and silver coins come out of its mouth."

"A likely tale," replied the father grumblingly, but already his mind was conjuring up ideas of easy money. Striding up to the donkey, he grabbed both its ears and gave a vicious tug. This donkey did not like having its ears pulled, and giving an



Mahesh pulled the donkey's





The donkey gave father a good kick

angry snort, reared round and sent the father flying with a well judged kick from both its hind legs.

The father lay on the ground groaning and rubbing his abdomen, whilst Mahesh just stood open mouthed in amazement that the magic had not worked. Father suddenly concluded he had been murderously attacked, and staggering to his feet, he grabbed a stout stick, but Mahesh did not wait to explain. Taking to his heels, he ran as fast as his legs would carry him, until he was well out of sight.

Wandering along the road,

Mahesh felt that fate had been extremely cruel. In the same forest that he met the old woman, he saw an old carpenter struggling with some heavy planks of sawn timber.

"Let me help you," he said to the carpenter, and picking up the planks, easily balanced them on his shoulders. As they walked along the road, Mahesh poured out his tale of woe.

The carpenter said, "Never give up hope, my son. You come and work for me and at the end of a year I will give you a gift to treasure."

So for a year Mahesh worked hard for the carpenter, who presented him with an ornate brass plate. "It is no ordinary plate," he said, with a broad grin. "Just rub it with the palm of your hand, and it will be filled with whatever food you wish to eat."

Mahesh wondered if this could be true, so sitting on the ground, he rubbed the plate, thinking of all the choicest food he enjoyed eating, and in a twinkling the plate was overflowing with food.

Later, with the plate clutched in his hands, Mahesh hurried on his way home, anxious to show his father how successful



he had been.

On his way, he came to the very inn he had spent a night before. Walking into the inn, he asked the woman for a night's lodging.

The woman said grudgingly. "You can stay here, but times are hard, and there is no food to eat."

Mahesh grinned. "My plate will supply all the food we need."

The woman and her son gazed in astonishment as Mahesh rubbed the plate, and it became full of succulent food.

When everything had been eaten, Mahesh washed his plate

and put it in under his pillow before going to sleep. But in the dead of the night, the son crept into the room and stealthily stole the plate, sliding a similar looking plate back under the pillow.

The following morning, Mahesh went on home, carrying what he thought was the magical plate.

As soon as he arrived home, his father started abusing him, but taking no notice, Mahesh put his plate on the table, and quickly told his father all about the food they could enjoy for evermore.

The father seemed impressed,

#### The son stole the magical plate







The old man gave Mahesh a stout stick

and talking aloud of all the food he enjoyed, began rubbing the plate. He rubbed and he rubbed, but no food appeared. Then he lost his temper, banged the plate and threw it at Mahesh's head.

Mahesh didn't linger. He was off as fast as he could go, and as he ran, it dawned on him that those people at the inn, must have tricked him over the donkey and the plate.

Mile after mile he walked, pondering all the way how he could get back his donkey and plate from the woman and her son, at the inn. Coming to a stream, he was surprised to see

a very aged man trying to chop down a big tree with feeble blows of an axe.

Mahesh asked, "Why are you trying to chop down that tree?"

The aged man, mopped his brow. "I want it to fall across the stream, so that people can get from one side to the other, without having to wade through the water."

Mahesh rolled up his sleeves, and taking the axe from the man said, "You rest while I chop down the tree."

In a few minutes Mahesh, plying the axe with vigour, toppled the tree across the



stream. "Well done," shouted the aged man excitedly. "For your labour I will give you a worthy present."

Picking up the axe, the man lopped off a short sturdy branch, and handing it to Mahesh said. "This is no ordinary piece of wood. Just tell it, and it will belabour your enemies in no uncertain way."

Grasping his weapon, Mahesh hurried to the inn. Without knocking, he walked straight in and confronted the woman and her son.

"Where is my donkey and my plate?" he demanded, waving his stick under their noses.

"Don't you threaten us," retorted the son, with a mena-

cing look. "The donkey and the plate belong to us now."

Mahesh told his stick to beat the pair of them. At which the stick flew out of his hand, and whacked the woman and her son unmercifully, until they cried out in terror. "Stop it! Stop it! You can have your donkey and plate."

As soon as Mahesh called to his stick to stop beating the couple, the woman and her son lost no time in producing the donkey and the plate.

Now Mahesh astride his magical donkey, and clutching his magical plate and stick, rode home triumphantly. His stick would make his father see reason, and with money and food a plenty, he could marry his sweet Tulasi.

A father and his small son were out walking one afternoon when the youngster asked how the electricity went through the lighting wires.

"Don't know," said the father. "Never knew much about electricity."

A few blocks farther on, the boy asked what caused lightning and thunder.

"To tell the truth," said the father. "I never exactly understood that myself."

"Say, Pop," began the lad after a while. "Oh, well, never mind."

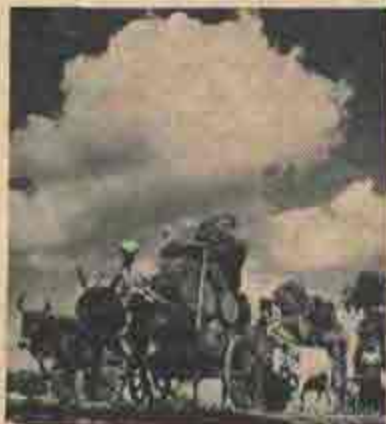
"Go ahead," said the father. "Ask questions. Ask a lot of questions. How else are you going to learn?"





# PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here is your opportunity to win a cash prize!  
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- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
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Winning Entry—'Secured Treasure'—'Procured Pleasure'



# The Fortress of Utgard



Thor, the mighty god of thunder, loved adventure. He never tired of showing his enormous strength and sometimes, for sport, he rode over the mountains in his chariot, hurling his mighty battle hammer at the peaks and splitting them in two.

One day Thor left Asgard, the home of the gods, to travel to Jotenheim, in search of adventure. Jotenheim was the land of ice and snow where the giants, the enemies of the gods, lived. With him went Loki, the cunning god of fire and Thialfi, Thor's young squire.

They travelled part of the way with a giant whom they met on the road and when they parted, he showed them the way to the Fortress of Utgard, where lived one of the greatest of all the giants.





At mid-day, the three travelers reached a great fortress, so large that they were able to enter through the bars in the gate. The great hall had a bench along each side and many giants were sitting there, eating and drinking.

Thor strode boldly up to the giant who sat at the end of the great hall, who was the lord of Utgard and greeted him boldly. "Tell me, strangers, are you skilled at any feats of strength?" asked the lord. "For all those who eat and drink here must be skilled at something."

"I am hungry," replied Loki. "And I can eat faster than anyone."

The lord of Utgard ordered a great trough of food to be brought and he called to one of his servants, whose name was Logi. Logi lay at one end of the food trough and Loki sat at the other and both began to eat. They reached the middle of the trough together, but whereas Loki had left the bones, Logi had eaten the bones and his half of the trough as well.

Then it was Thialfi's turn. "I am more fleet-footed than any man," he said. No-one has yet beaten me in a race."

The lord of Utgard called a

youth named Hugi and took him out to the courtyard to run against Thialfi. Three times they raced around the courtyard and each time Hugi reached the end of the course first.

Thor's face had darkened. "I can drink more deeply than anyone," he said. "Let us see who can empty the drinking horn first."

The lord laughed. "You are but a stripling, although you are the mighty god Thor," he taunted. "But maybe you are mightier than you look." Then the giant called for his drinking horn to be brought. "A good drinker should drain this horn at one draught," he said.

Thor put the horn to his lips and drank deeply, but it seemed nearly as full as before. Again Thor put the horn to his lips and drank until he had to stop for breath, but the wine had hardly gone down at all. A third time Thor drank, but still it seemed that most of the wine was left in the horn.

"Try my strength then," said Thor. "I am considered very strong."

"In that case you should be able to lift my cat," replied the lord of Utgard. Thor went over to the large, grey cat which



sat blinking near the lord's seat. He put a hand under it and tried to lift it, but as he did so, the cat arched its back higher and higher and with all his strength Thor could only manage to lift one of its paws from the ground.

"Is this the mighty god whom we have been taught to fear so much?" scoffed the lord of Utgard. "In what do you consider yourself skilled?"

Angrily, Thor challenged anyone in the room to a wrestling match, but no one moved. The giant jeered, "Everyone here thinks it a disgrace to wrestle against anyone as weak as you have proved to be, but I have an old nurse who is skilled at wrestling. Try your luck against her."

At first Thor refused angrily, for he thought it beneath him to wrestle against a toothless old woman, but, stung by the taunts of the rest of the watching giants, he went across to the old woman and tried to throw her to the ground. The more he tried, the firmer she stood and Thor could not move her. Then the old nurse gripped Thor and rocked him on his feet. He tried desperately to keep his balance but at last the old woman forced him down on to one knee.

Thor was full of shame and anger at his defeat, but the lord led the three of them to seats near his own and gave them food and drink and entertained them well. When they set out for home next morning, the lord went with them to put them on the right road. As they parted he said, "Do not





be discouraged at your failure, mighty Thor. Now you have left Utgard I will tell you the truth. I am the giant Skrymir who met and guided you on the way here and had I known how strong you were, I would never have let you into the Fortress of Utgard. The three blows you struck me when I lay sleeping on the journey here would have killed me at once, had I not put a mountain between us before I slept. If you look, you will see where your hammer struck deep into the rock and carved out a great cleft each time.

"When you reached Utgard I tested your strength yet again. Loki could not eat both bones and trough, like my servant Logi, only because Logi is really wild-fire, which consumes everything it touches, while my servant Hugi, who ran against your squire, Thialfi, is really Thought and what can run more quickly than thought?

"When you drank from my horn, you were drinking the sea, so how could you drain it? When you pass the shore, you will see how far the tide-line has dropped because of the great amount you drank. I was full of terror when you lifted up the

cat's paw, for that cat is really the great serpent which is circled around the Earth in disguise and the World shuddered when the serpent's hold was loosened for an instant.

"Finally, my old nurse, against whom you wrestled so powerfully, was Old Age, whom no man may conquer. It was magic which defeated you and I trust we may never meet again, for you are a mighty man, Thor."

Thor, angry at the tricks which had been played on him, turned round to speak to the giant, but he had vanished. Then the three of them went on their way back to Asgard and when they came to the sea they saw that the water was now far lower, because of the great amount Thor had drunk, just as the giant had said.

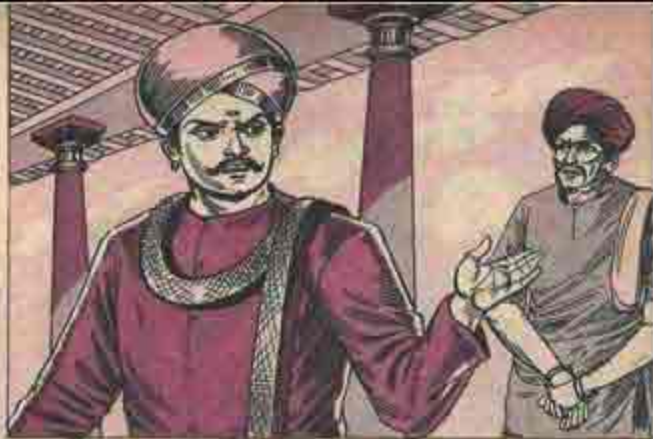
It was Thor who gave his name to one of the days of the week, for in his honour the people of old called the fifth day Thor's day, or, as we say it today, Thursday.



There was young fellow named Sydney,  
Who drank till it ruined his kidney,  
It shriveled and shrank:

As he sat there and drank,  
But he'd a good time doin' it, didn't he?





## DOWN TO EARTH

Mangilal was a lordly person. He was the headman of the village, chosen no doubt, for his imposing figure. For when Mangilal strutted through the village, he looked like an emperor reviewing his troops.

Now it came to pass, the villagers after years of waiting, demanded that a well be dug in the village square. Mangilal the headman, had no alternative but to do something about it. So with a good deal of bluster he engaged workers, and nominated one of them to act as supervisor, so that he himself, wouldn't be bothered.

The work duly started, and at the end of the first day, the supervisor accosted Mangilal. "Tell me sir," he asked, "what do we do with all the soil we dig out?"

Mangilal with a disdainful gesture replied, "Just dig a pit and bury the soil."

The supervisor scratched his head, and then in a puzzled tone asked, "But what do we do with the soil we dig out of the pit?"

"Have you no brains, you dolt?," snorted Mangilal. "You dig a pit big enough to bury all the soil."





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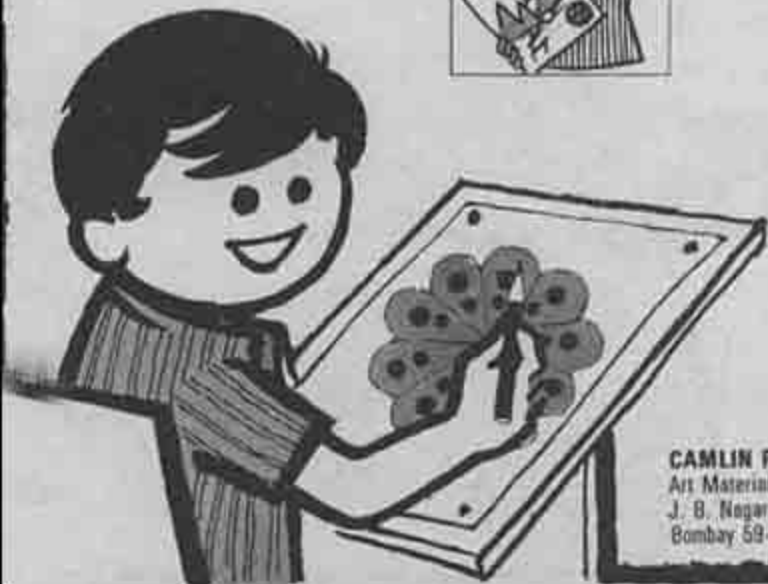
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